

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM;

OR,
REPOSITORY OF THE ARTS, SCIENCES, AND BELLES LETTRES.

AS THE COMPASS IS TO THE MARINER, SO IS POLITE LITERATURE TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

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VOL. I.

MEMOIRS.

WASHINGTON IRVING, ESQ.

THE life of this amiable and accomplished writer seems to have been hitherto little diversified by multiplicity or peculiarity of incident; yet the following sketch, unsatisfactory as it may be to those who expect that an author's "way of life" will be found as romantic as his flights of fancy, still carries with it these particular circumstances of recommendation, namely, that the materials of it are drawn from sources which have not been open to any previous biographer; and, moreover, that we have the best of all authorities for asserting the incorrectness of what has already appeared in print with respect to the private history of Mr. Irving.

Washington Irving was born in the city of New-York about the year 1782; and, after going through the usual course of preparatory instruction, he became a student of Columbia College. His earliest writings were produced between his 17th and 19th years. They were sportive effusions that appeared about 1804, in a N. York Journal, called the Morning Chronicle, and alluded to the manners and fashions of the times, as well as to the current theatrical performances. These essays were carelessly but humourously written, and were copied into the newspapers of other cities; but it was not until the year 1824 that they were presented to the notice of English readers; and the republication of them as by "*The Author of the Sketch Book*," is justly censurable as a mercenary trick of trade, by which the reputation of a popular author was endangered for the paltry profit to be derived by bringing forward again his long-forgotten puerilities. Nevertheless, the "*Letters of Jonathan Oldstyle*" are by no means so totally deficient in that grace of style, and peculiar vein of humour, which distinguish the maturer compositions of their authör, as his youth might lead one to imagine.

In 1805 the studies of Mr. Irving were interrupted by the delicacy of his health. In consequence he embarked for Bordeaux, where he passed some weeks—recovering strength, he proceeded to the south of France, and thence to Italy. His health soon returned, yet he staid some time at Rome and Naples, making also an excursion into Sicily. Through Switzerland he repassed into France; he then went to England by way of Flanders and Holland, and was restored to his own country in perfect health, after an absence of two years.

In 1807, shortly after his travels in Europe, he engaged with two gentlemen,

named Paulding and Verplanck, in an occasional publication termed Salmagundi, which had great popularity. The main object of it was to ridicule the prevailing follies of the times, after the manner of the Tatler and Spectator; and among the papers was a series of letters in close imitation of Goldsmith's Citizen of the World, or Graffigny's Letters of a Peruvian.—The idea that Mr. Irving was not encouraged in America, is quite erroneous; for even his boyish contributions to the Morning Chronicle were greatly sought after, and Salmagundi attained a degree of popularity altogether unprecedented in the New World. The poetry, which had great spirit, was from the pen of his eldest brother, since dead.

In 1810 he published Knickerbocker's History of New-York, a humorous and satirical work, in which existing customs and follies were whimsically clothed with the antiquated garb of a former century, and paraded forth as coeval with the old Dutch Dynasty, at the early settlement of the city. The satire extends to the measures of the general government of the country, as well as to the particular usages of the metropolis. This publication was eagerly received. Some slight umbrage was taken by a few descendants of old Dutch families, at the grotesque costume in which their ancestors were attired, or the jocose familiarity with which they were treated. This feeling, however, was both limited and transient. The Dutch burghers in general were among those most delighted with the work; and many families which are not enumerated there, expressed regret at not finding their names enrolled in Diedrick's records. Many of these malcontents have since been afforded the odd kind of satisfaction they desired—witness the recent tales Rip Von Winkle, Delph Heyliger, the Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and the money-digging adventures of Wolfert Webber. These Dutch stories are greeted with peculiar favour by Mr. Irving's own countrymen. During the war which broke out between England and the United States, Mr. Irving was military secretary and aid-de-camp to the Governor of the State of N. York, and had an opportunity, in the preparations against an expected invasion of the city, of seeing many of the humourous scenes realised which he had described in his satirical history of it during the reign of the old Dutch Governors. The descriptions there given seemed to have been whimsically prophetic. As the war proceeded, and the navy of America rose high in reputation as in utility, the proprietors of the Analectic Magazine prevailed upon our author to enrich their periodical with the biography of the most

illustrious naval officers of the country; and he executed his task in a manly and masterly style, so as to answer the patriotic purpose of his employers, and to sustain, or even augment, his own personal fame.

It was about 1816 that he wrote his beautiful preface to Campbell's poems, and showed in it, by the warmth and elegance of his tribute to the charms of another's muse, how admirably qualified he himself was to conciliate the favour of his own.

On the conclusion of the peace in 1815, Mr. Irving's propensity to travel led him into England, and he has ever since continued in Europe. His residence has been principally in England and France, but he has also rambled over the interesting region, and through the romantic scenery of Germany, and the winter of 1822 he passed at Dresden. His writings had preceded him there—and, in consequence, he was received with great hospitality by the inhabitants, and was treated with much kindness by the venerable King and Queen of Saxony.

Some articles in different periodical publications of Europe have been erroneously ascribed to Mr. Irving. We are well assured that he has written nothing of the kind in any European publication; and we cannot but reprobate the disingenuousness of those authors and editors who, knowing the truth, have from motives of vanity or interest forborne to assert it. It is not a sufficient excuse for them that they have refrained from actually encouraging the deception, for lukewarm indeed must be his love of right, who will not prevent wrong when he may. The danger to which a writer is exposed by having works unjustly attributed to him, is two-fold; it is a two-edged sword, cutting which ever way it strikes. If what is fraudulently placed to his account be insufficient to uphold the character he has acquired, his credit accordingly suffers in proportion to the extent of such engagements as his previous undertakings may show him to have made with the public. On the other hand, if compositions at all superior to his own are reported to issue from his pen, the next work that he acknowledges will of course be judged of by the fictitious standard thus set up, and condemned as not sterling, unless it equal what has thus been erroneously fixed on as its proper value. To this latter disadvantage Mr. Irving is in no especial danger of being suspected; yet the long intervals at which his different works are produced, afford the public a strong hope, if not a reasonable one, that each succeeding effort of his will be more powerful and fortunate than its forerunner.

(To be continued.)

From the London New Monthly Magazine.

ILLUSTRIOS EXAMPLE OF GRATITUDE.

A YOUNG man was passing with his regiment through Lyons, in 17—, where he fell sick, and was obliged to remain at an hotel. He was very ill supplied with money, and his purse was speedily exhausted by the expense his malady occasioned him: his hostess, untouched by his destitute situation, had him carried to a granary, where all the furniture she allowed him was a palliasse and a chair, and all the sustenance a little barley-water, refusing to call in the aid of a physician, to avoid the responsibility in which she apprehended such an additional charge might involve her. It happened that the first floor of this furnished hotel was occupied by two Genevese ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Agiee, who had visited Lyons for the benefit of change of air; they were both advanced in years, Mademoiselle Agiee being near fifty. These two ladies were clever and well informed; but according to the Genevese habit, they did injustice to their real merit by a pretension to something beyond it, and a pedantry completely national.

The fate of the young soldier interested all the domestics of the hotel, and the particulars of his friendless condition reached the ear of Mademoiselle Agiee through her maid, who acquainted her at the same time with the cruelty of the landlady, who threatened to send him to the hospital. The maid succeeded in awakening the sympathy of her mistress, who immediately sent for a physician, informing the hostess that she would answer all expenses, and that it was her pleasure the sick man should be removed without delay to a comfortable chamber. The humane Abigail, meanwhile, never quitted the chamber of the invalid whom she had taken so happily under her protection.—Weakened by his illness, which had been so aggravated by neglect, the young soldier was in a frightful state of delirium when the physician visited him, and during the process of changing his apartment, so that, when he recovered his senses, he was greatly astonished to find himself in a well-furnished chamber, and believed himself dreaming. Near his bed was his faithful nurse, whom he began to question, but who contented herself with replying, that a friend, who took an interest in him, had given orders that he should be properly attended. Days and even weeks elapsed thus, till at length the young soldier, recovering his strength, insisted on being informed to whom he was indebted for so many benefits. There was in the expression of his countenance something that commanded respect, which perhaps even excited fear; the good woman named her mistress, and, with all possible delicacy, related to him the miserable circumstances in which she had found him. He entreated to see Mademoiselle Agiee that he might lighten his heart of some of its gratitude; he was not yet able to rise, nor was he permitted to read; but

he was, nevertheless, sufficiently reinstated to feel the weight and weariness of an idle life. Mademoiselle Agiee consented to the demand of the young soldier, and paid him her first visit; she remained with him only a few moments, but promised to return and bring him books, desiring him to make his choice, and offering to read for him till he should be no longer forbidden to occupy himself. He accepted her proposal with joy, and selected the "Life of Turenne," and a book on Geometry. Every day Mademoiselle Agiee passed some hours with the convalescent soldier, who listened eagerly as she read, often interrupting her to make observations, which were always just, and sometimes very striking. He did not seem easily inclined to confidence, and it was not till some time had thus elapsed, that one day, as if led on by a military ardour beyond his power to restrain, he began to speak of his prospects to Mademoiselle Agiee; she smiled as she listened to him.

"In truth," said she, "I believe we shall one of these days see you a colonel."

"Colonel!" replied he, in a tone of indignation, "I shall be a general—and perhaps—" but he interrupted himself, as if alarmed at what he was about to say, and perhaps even internally rebuking himself for what he had said.

"Until now," said Mademoiselle Agiee, "I have never asked you a single question, either with regard to your country or family. By your accent I conceive you to be a foreigner, although you belong to a French regiment."

"I am a Corsican, and my name is Napoleon." The young man was Bonaparte.

Mademoiselle Agiee every day became more and more interested in Napoleon; and when he was entirely recovered, she equipped him, and furnished him with the money necessary to enable him to rejoin his regiment. On taking leave of his benefactress, the young man was much affected. "Believe me," said he, "I shall never forget what you have done for me. You will hear of me. He departed, and Mademoiselle Agiee, with her mother, returned to Geneva.

Very soon the name of Napoleon became celebrated; and Mademoiselle Agiee, in reading the gazettes, exulted in the successes of her protege, who, meanwhile, seemed to have entirely forgotten her. Years thus passed away—when, sometime before the battle of Marengo, Bonaparte passed through Nyon, a little town of the canton de Vaud, twelve miles from Geneva, on his way into Italy;—he could only stop a few hours;—he sent an aid-de-camp to Geneva, with orders to inquire for a lady named Agiee, very ugly, and old, and to bring her to him;—such were his directions. In Geneva, as in all small towns, every body is known, and the aid-de-camp succeeded in finding Mademoiselle Agiee; she had become nearly blind, and very seldom quitted her own house, but the name of her hero seemed to inspire her with new strength, and she hesitated not to follow his messenger.—

Bonaparte was impatient, and came to meet his friend on horseback, attended by his staff, as far as Versois; as soon as he perceived her carriage he spurred on to receive her, and the feelings of Mademoiselle Agiee on this rencontre may better be imagined than expressed.

"Gentlemen," said Bonaparte, turning towards his suit, "you see my benefactress, she to whom I am indebted for life; I was destitute of every thing when she succoured me. I am happy and proud to be obliged to her, and I shall never forget it." Mademoiselle Agiee passed two hours at Nyon with Bonaparte, at the hotel of the Croix Blanche, where he detailed to her all his plans, and, on taking leave of her, repeated the same words he had uttered at Lyons. "You will hear of me."

From that hour to the epoch of his coronation, she received from him no token of his existence; but fifteen days before the coronation, General Hullin was announced to Mademoiselle Agiee. He desired her to prepare to accompany him, as Bonaparte was resolved that she should witness his glory; he was furnished with the strictest and most minute orders. Mademoiselle Agiee was permitted to carry nothing with her beyond what was merely indispensable during the journey; and in spite of her age and infirmities, the day after the general's arrival she set out. On arriving at Paris, she alighted at a house in the Place du Carrousel, opposite the palace of the Tuilleries; there she found domestics in the livery of Bonaparte, and, in short, a completely furnished mansion; a well-stocked wardrobe had been prepared for her; Bonaparte had recollect even her favourite colours, and had omitted nothing he imagined would give her pleasure; she had a long audience of Napoleon; he assigned her, besides a house, carriage, and domestics, maintained at his expence, an annual income of six thousand francs.

He continued to preserve towards Mademoiselle Agiee the most marked regard, often consulting her even on the most important affairs. On the fall of Bonaparte Mademoiselle Agiee lost the house and the advantages he had conferred upon her; but I have reason to believe that her pension was always regularly paid by the agents of Napoleon till her death, which happened, I believe, in 1822.

It is from herself that I received the details I have given; it is easy to imagine with what animation she descended upon her hero; even without partaking her enthusiasm, it was impossible not to listen to her with interest; besides, noble and generous sentiments belong to our intellectual existence; no matter what country we belong to, or what are our opinions, the emotions of the heart wait not to consult our prejudices. Mademoiselle Agiee died in the Hotel de la Rochefoucauld, Faubourg du Roule, at Paris, of which she inhabited a small wing, after having quitted her house in the Place du Carrousel.

A. D. T.

MISCELLANY.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

Each number of a work so extensively circulated, and exerting so powerful an influence on the opinions of the literary public, deserves a passing notice. The present is said to be the first fruits of Mr. Coleridge's editorship; but there is little internal evidence of any change, unless a few attempts to substitute wit and humour for its usual stately gravity, and the absence of all abuse upon America, be considered such.

The first article is a long notice of *Hayley's Memoirs of his own Life*.

The Second is an essay on the *Funding System*.

The *Prussian Reforms* are next considered, with the evident design of proving that the rights of man are most safe under royal guidance, and free institutions best founded on royal favour. Never have we read a sketch of real events more conclusive to the contrary. Nine years have now elapsed since the king of Prussia pledged his solemn promise to give to his people a constitutional representative government. His whole conduct since has been a series of artful, shuffling contrivances to avoid the fulfilment of it. Many reforms have indeed been introduced into Prussia, and for all of them the Reviewers give the praise to the reigning sovereign. On the contrary, not one of them, if we read the history right, is to be ascribed to his favour; unless it be a favour not to resume prerogatives become obsolete, and the exercise of which the people would not suffer. Before the French Revolution, Prussia was in the lowest state of degradation—the majority of the people enslaved serfs—the government absolute—the taxes and monopolies ruinous to industry—and more cruel fetters thrown around the mind. That great convulsion, in its consequences, placed Prussia really, if not nominally, under the government of Bonaparte. His universal policy was to attach the people to himself by favours, and to humble the native aristocracy. While in close alliance and submission to him, the servitude of the peasants was abolished, restraints of every kind removed, and the nation left free to exert its own strength. That freedom led them to spurn French supremacy, and urged onward by the promise of civil liberty under their favourite race of kings, they shared fully and gloriously in the victories of the allies. On the return of peace their services were forgotten, and the pledge of their sovereign violated. Those who stooped to beg assistance of the humblest peasant in their adversity, look down on nations as on a worthless mob, from the throne to which they have raised them. We speak warmly, but we are honest in the contempt with which we view the compound of meanness, hypocrisy, and falsehood, in the characters of some reigning princes so loudly eulogised by these

Reviewers. "Lo, these are the gods ye worship!"

The tenth article is a very favourable notice of *Washington Irving*; mixing a little just censure upon his last Tales, with praises liberally bestowed upon his talents and other works. The Reviewers thus good-humouredly conclude their criticism: "With hearty good will, playfully, but, we hope, not profanely, we exclaim, as we part from him, 'very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother Jonathan!'"

Boston Spectator.

MATRIMONIAL STATISTICS.

The following is a fair statement of matrimony in some of the principal towns in England in 1816:

Wives eloped,	1132
Husbands run away,	2348
Legally divorced,	4175
Husbands and wives that exhibit to the world the most perfect <i>Paradisaical</i> bliss in <i>public</i> , calling each other "my beloved Sophia, my kind Charles, my charming Editha," &c., but who pinch and scratch each other all night,	5934
Living in open hostility,	17845
Secretly discontented,	13279
Mutually indifferent,	55240
Passing for happy,	27
Hardly happy,	14
Truly happy,	5
Total,	100,000

An old Bachelor, who always chuckles when he has an opportunity of furnishing any thing to the prejudice of matrimony, put the foregoing *precious exhibit* "of matrimonial statistics" in our hands with an emphatic "*look there!*"!!! We believe we published something of the same nature a few months ago, but we are very unwilling to mar the pleasure of a being whose sole gratification consists in railing at a state which he can never enter, we concluded to re-publish it. Those old curmudgeons, the Bachelors, remind us of wicked infidels, who, after having sinned away their day of grace, and for ever precluded themselves from entering in at the straight gate, become the most clamorous in their denunciations of the whole system of revelation.

Our readers will please to understand that this statement is of the 100,000 marriages which took place in England in 1816. Now it is fair and reasonable to infer that time, which meliorates and improves every thing, has greatly changed the face of matters in the matrimonial world. A gentleman who has lately travelled in England, and is a close observer, says that, out of 100,000 marriages which now occur in that kingdom, there are at least ten happy couple, thus doubling the number of those in 1816. At the same time, he expresses his fears that the mutually indifferent, and nocturnal clawing, biting, and pinching, are increased in fearful ratio.

Georgetown Metropolitan.

ANECDOTE OF THE GLENKENS.

From the Scrap Book of John M'Darmid.

A good many years ago, the former incumbent of the parish of Parton being confined to his room, one of his more distant parishioners, who had just "received an addition to his family," found himself under the necessity of transporting the young stranger to the residence of the minister. The snow lay thick on the ground at the time, but the on-fall had ceased; the air, although cold, was clear and bracing; the surface of the flaky expanse, which stretched on every side, being slightly touched with frost, acted as a huge reflector to the level beams of the sun, and altogether the weather was remarkably fine for the season. Under these circumstances, the father of the child in question set out for the manse of Parton, accompanied by two female friends, who, to lessen the fatigue of travelling, were directed to keep close in the track or *wake* of their brawny guide. To guard against the effects of cold, the little stranger was wrapped in almost as many folds as an Egyptian mummy, and, in the first instance, committed to the care of the elder gossip; but the women at length beginning to appear tired, the farmer insisted upon relieving them of the child, which he placed "cannily" under his arm, and covered it with the folds of his plaid; and, being rather of an absent turn of mind, he proceeded at a pace that would have done no discredit to "Dominie Sampson." In this way he gained rapidly upon his feebler companions, and in his great anxiety to carry the infant soft and easy, actually allowed it to slip through the huge mound of bucklings with which it was surrounded. These bucklings, however, still stuck fast under the farmer's arm, and his hands being numbed with cold, he held on his way, never once suspecting that his burden had become lighter. Arrived at the minister's parlour, the mistress of the house kindly proposed to warm the infant until the women arrived, and was proceeding to perform this office, when she all at once exclaimed, "My God! where is the child?" This exclamation, so sudden and unexpected, threw the whole house into confusion; the minister, forgetting his rheumatism, started to his feet like a youth of fifteen, while the honest farmer, gasping for breath, and trembling in every limb, looked like a man who had seen an apparition, on discovering that, in place of a healthy babe, he carried only "a bundle of duds." The present, however, was not a moment for explanation, and, without saying a single word, he flew out of the house, with the intention of retracing his steps! but he had not proceeded far when he was met by his female friends, who had fortunately picked up their little charge, which was found to have sustained no injury from being cradled on an element as pure and stainless as its own virgin breast.

ORIGINAL ESSAY.

LE MOULINET—NO. III.

Quem penes arbitrium vst, et jus et norma. Hor.
Fashion, the arbiter and rule of right.

"Books! Books! I am heartily tired of you!" I exclaimed, as I threw down my Lexicon, closed Xenophon, and took a seat by an open window that looked into Broadway. It was the same window through one unfortunate pane of which my dividers opened a passage for the *critical* reptile of my first number. And now I think of it, (for in two minutes it will be out of my head,) whoever has found my instruments, and will take the trouble to leave them with Mr. Thomson, at Murden's Circulating Library, 4 Chambers-street, shall be liberally rewarded.

But, to return to the window. "Here," said I, as I seated myself, "I can study living Chronicles, and behold man as he is. Ay! and woman, too," I added, as I received a smile of recognition from the lovely Miss M—, who was tripping along, arm in arm, with her inseparable companion, the no less amiable Miss P—. Should I hereafter undertake to analyse modern female friendship, I may perhaps refer to these young ladies again; and I have no doubt that they will pass the ordeal of the MILL with credit to themselves, and pleasure to the operator. At present, I can merely observe, *en passant*, that however they may differ in some other respects, yet, in point of dress and recreations, their opinions and tastes have hitherto always appeared to be in perfect unison. They are both noted *belles*, always dress alike, and always in the height of *fashion*.

It was on Wednesday, the day after a refreshing rain had blest the thirsty earth, replenished our empty cisterns, and silenced the complaints of those fair appendages to the human family, whose vocation it is to

"Smooth our *linen* and our *cares*."

By-the-by—aunt Judy has been quite an amiable creature ever since the rain commenced; and even condescended, while dusting the shelves of my study, to confess that she did not think my *coffee-mill* was "such a very silly speculation, after all!" But this is a digression, and only tends to prove that flattery is very much in *fashion*.

The Park was now covered with a carpet of the most enlivening verdure; and the little blades of grass seemed to bow with cheerful gratitude, as the trees shook down liquid blessings upon their tender heads. Our streets, like the arteries of the human body, were teeming with life and activity; and Broadway, the great *aorta* of the system, presented, to the eye of an elevated spectator, innumerable streams, currents, counter-currents, undertows, eddies, and even whirlpools of business, pleasure, beauty, taste, and *fashion*. The scene was pleasingly interesting; and, when surveyed through the dense vapour that rose from the luxuriant ridges and

mantling sloughs of steaming mud, which covered the carriage-way, it was really romantic and sublime. Several fat aldermen who happened to be passing, seemed to enjoy it with a peculiar zest; and stopped for some minutes, either to inhale the odorous vapour that surrounded them, or else to discover a safe passage across the tremendous gulph. This is another digression, and only tends to prove that censoring aldermen is the present *fashion*.

The pavement and steps in front of the City-Hall were tastefully sprinkled with animated beings, whose expressive countenances betrayed the various hopes and fears by which they were actuated. Some were seeking for justice—others contriving how to give her the slip. A motley group of idlers, including every age and colour, of both sexes, was stationed in front of the Bridewell, as if anticipating some interesting event. Presently the ponderous gates of this dismal edifice were thrown open, and "forth issued" a miserable train of human beings, yoked in pairs, and shackled with clanking chains. After being marshalled in procession, by two or three hard-visaged drivers, armed with formidable ratans, they "took up the line of march" from the Park to the Penitentiary, attended by a mob, and gazed after by many votaries of *fashion*.

"Where," thought I, "exists the necessity of this periodical public parade—(the alliteration is unavoidable)—of guilt, shame, and wretchedness? Nay, where is the justice of it?—for the sentence of the law does not include this additional punishment. Is it intended to deter the vicious, or to admonish the uninitiated? So far from effecting either object, it evidently tends to harden the feelings of both. By the repetition of such scenes, the young and innocent are familiarised with living pictures of moral depravity, until the contemplation of that, from which their souls at first instinctively revolted, becomes their jest and pastime; and, at length, constitutes so great a share of their amusement, as to render the less striking incidents of virtue tiresome and unprofitable. The same effect is produced by the perusal of criminal records, and, above all, by public executions. But it is useless, perhaps, to rail against customs that are consecrated by antiquity, and sanctioned by *fashion*.

"Fashion, that takes from us the privilege
"To be ourselves: rends that great charter, too,
"Of nature—and likewise cancels man;
"And so inchains our judgment and discourse
"To present usances."

It is a serious and melancholy fact, that the Christian world is emerging *very slowly* from the darkness of Gothic superstition. Will posterity credit it, when they read, in the history of these times, that down to as late a period as 1825, their forefathers were still shackled with many rusty links of that ponderous chain which once enslaved the world? Will they believe that, in this (comparatively) enlightened age, and even in some sections of this free and happy country, debtors' jails, whipping-

posts, branding-irons, and the mutilating knife were still tolerated! Will they even admit that gibbets or penitentiaries were necessary, when they are informed that we owned immeasurable regions of unsettled land on the shores of the Pacific, to which the guilty might have been compelled to retreat, and where they would have met such inducements to reformation as might have proved the means of saving the most of them from present and eternal ruin! Will they believe that the only free nation on earth was without a code of laws of its own, but trammelled with the incongruous traditions of English common law, while catholic France, under a military despot, enjoyed the best code in the world! Will they believe that our hosannas to LIBERTY, and shouts of INDEPENDENCE, were often intermingled with the shrieks of agony elicited by the lacerating scourge of the slave-driver! Will they believe that the wretched aborigines of our country, the legitimate proprietors of the soil, whose only offence was attachment to the place of their birth, and the desperate valour with which they defended it, were daily stripped of their rights and possessions by the hand of power, hunted like felons, and even incited to butcher each other, in order to glut the avarice of white land-speculators! Will they believe that most of the sacred edifices, in which we professed to worship the God of purity, were "full of dead men's bones, and all uncleanness"! Will they believe—

"That Watty Witless was soliloquising aloud, at his study window, on a delightful May morning, when all the *fashionable* world was in Broadway?" added a voice behind me, while the question was enforced with a smart blow on the shoulder, which instantly put to flight every idea of posterity, or what they might believe or disbelieve. "Come, sir," continued my friend Wiseacre, "I am for a walk—so on with your hat, and let us improve the present phenomenon, a bright day without dust."

I assented to this cheerful proposition with a corresponding alacrity; and, in two minutes, we found ourselves in a descending current of belles and beaux, who, like ourselves, appeared to have no object in view but recreation, or to look at *fashions*.

"Now, for studying characters," whispered Wiseacre, as we crossed the head of Barclay-street, and approached St. Paul's. "It is the most pleasant exercise in which a man of observation can possibly be engaged. It is, in fact, the only purpose for which I ever walk at this hour."

"Studying characters!" I reiterated, with some surprise. "How can that be done in the *street*, where the subjects of such an attempt either turn their backs upon your sagacity, or else flit past you with a rapidity that baffles every attempt at *physiognomical* investigation?"

"Nothing easier," replied my friend, smiling at the facility with which I had manufactured an adjective for my present purpose. "Look, for instance, at that

couple before us. It is true that we can only catch a profile view of their faces, as they turn them towards the shop-windows, or exhibit their ivory to each other; but observe their size, figure, dress, and, above all, their gait. You perceive the gentleman is a little knock-kneed, which indicates timidity in danger, ardency in love, and fickleness in friendship. The lady, you see, displays some of Southard's glossy black curls, her eyes, of course, must be dark—and dark eyes, you must know, are the never-failing result of an intelligent mind, or of one that is highly susceptible of cultivation. [My friend Wiseacre has dark eyes.] In size, she is a little below the common standard, which evinces gentleness, humility, and affection. In shape, she is *en bon point*, the result of habitual good nature; and in complexion, a brunette, a sure indication that there are certain combustibles within, which, if rudely blown into a blaze, might singe the lips of the blower. But, like the anger of Cassius, it "straight is cold again," and good nature predominates. Not so the lady who has just passed us, with a similar complexion. She, you perceive, is tall, slender, and what is thought elegantly formed; her belt would scarcely compass my wrist, and were I allowed the privilege of approaching so near her heart, I'll bet two to one I could count, through her pelisse, every bar of the cage in which the little flutterer is imprisoned. Had she a modicum of the flesh and good nature before us, she would be an angel. As it is, I shall pity the man whom she promises to "love, honour, and obey." Depend upon it, he will catch a tartar, and sigh, too late, '*Auribus teneo lupum*'."

"That is, if he happen to know how to sigh in *latin*," said I.—Wiseacre rattled on without heeding the remark, while I comforted myself with the reflection that it was not the first *good thing* that had been thrown away.

"But here comes a different character," continued he; "the lady who has just left the shop-door of Charrier. Her purchase is concealed in that paper; but whether it be flowers or feathers, I'll be sworn it is like herself, neat, simple, and unassuming. Do you not admire the soft lustre of that azure eye, which floats like a blueberry in a teaspoonful of milk? Observe the ringlets of auburn, and that transparent skin, where the lily is squabbling with the rose for ascendancy, and through which appear the little blue conduits that distribute the heart's pure fluid to every part of the system? And, now she has passed us, take notice of her figure, size, &c. In shape she is neither a wasp nor a beetle, but exactly what nature intended—a happy medium between the two brunettes. She neither affects to contemplate the quality of the pavement, like the squeamish prude, nor lavishes her glances on every passenger, like the Bowery belle. Her step is modest, and every movement graceful. If that girl get a husband worthy of her, New-York may boast of at least

one happy conjugal pair, who, of course, will not be in the *fashion*."

In this strain my friend ran on without interruption, meeting with new subjects of remark at every step; and in this strain, for ought I know, he might have continued till dooms-day, had not a play-bill suddenly caught his eye.

"Simpson's Benefit!" exclaimed he— "Cherry and Fair Star, and the Cataract of the Ganges: why did he not add Der Frieschutz to this catalogue of puppet-shows? I marvel that his grace should leave it out."

"Whatever be his bill of fare," observed I, "the personal and professional merits of Mr. Simpson will always secure him a full house."

"Whatever be his merits," replied my friend, "the mania of *fashion* has always secured him a full house. This is what you ought to have said. '*It is the fashion*' to patronise certain people; and according to the adage, you may as well be out of the world as out of the *fashion*. [He had now strided another hobby, and I let him go on.] Far be it from me to detract one iota from the personal or professional merits of Mr. Simpson, Mrs. Barnes, Miss Kelly, Miss Johnson, or any other member of the dramatic corps, but I will insist that it is not the *love of merit* that fills their houses on the nights of their benefits: it is *fashion*, and nothing else. Merit does not so invariably meet its due reward as you seem disposed to believe. You know the French proverb, *Abon chien il ne vient jamais un bon os*. It has always been so, and always will be. The fat pig must be fed, if the lean one starve; and thus is too literally fulfilled the text, "To him that hath, shall be given." But let me illustrate my position by "living example": Not ten minutes before I entered your study, I was present with two young ladies, whose conversation turned upon the drama.

"I presume," said one of them, "that you was at Mrs. Barnes' benefit, Mary Ann. It was a delightful, *fashionable* house; she had over fifteen hundred dollars."

"I am glad to hear it," replied the other, "but I was not there: the illness of my mother prevented me; for I could not have enjoyed the play under such circumstances."

"Dear me! how unfortunate!" returned Jane. "But for goodness' sake, don't confess that you was absent to any one but me—it is so *unfashionable not to be at the theatre on Mrs. Barnes' night*."

"I know it," replied Mary Ann; "*fashion*, however, with me, must always yield to matters of more importance. But I understand that a new play is in preparation, written by a gentleman of this city, which good judges have pronounced to be a very excellent production. I will not fail to be there with you, when that is got up."

"Is it possible, Mary Ann, that you think of being present at the first representation of an *American* play! Why, my dear, every body says that, on such occasions,

there is never a *fashionable* house; and one is thought nothing of, you know, after being seen with the vulgar."

"At any rate," replied the good-natured Mary Ann, "we will go to the *author's benefit*, on the third night of its representation. I am told that he is a man of acknowledged talents, persevering industry, and the strictest morality; has added much to the literary reputation of our country, and, on that score alone, ought certainly to be encouraged. But he has yet a stronger claim on our patronage—an amiable family, dependant for support on the fertility of his pen."

"All this may be very true," rejoined the incorrigible Jane; "but still I shall not think it my duty to sacrifice propriety to benevolence; for, depend upon it, it will not be a *fashionable* house. If the author is an object of charity, let a subscription be set on foot, and I warrant that I will contribute my dollar as freely as any one."

My friend here suddenly stopped, and placing a hand on each of my shoulders, looked me full in the face as he emphatically added—"Ab uno discere omnes." "Thus you see, my dear Watty, that honest merit may *starve* in a city, of whose rapid growth, and unparalleled prosperity, the inhabitants are eternally boasting—unless, indeed, the goddess of *fashion* put forth her hand to save him!"

"Then may I perish!" exclaimed I, indignantly, "if I do not *grind* them all to powder. I will *pulverize* and *sift* them like wheat."

Wiseacre stared at me for a moment in silent astonishment, as if he doubted the sanity of my mind, and then requested an explanation. Feeling no disposition, however, to expose the secret of my *coffee-mill*, I evaded his inquiry, and returned home absorbed in profound meditation, the subject and result of which may perhaps hereafter be laid before the public. In the mean time, I shall leave the reader in suspense, merely because it is the *fashion*.

W.

For the American Athenæum.

PERISHED HOPES.

GENTLE HARP, awake! thy strains are saddened,
Sorrow's spell around thy strings is thrown!
Gone are all the sunlit hopes that gladdened,
Melancholy claims thy faintest tone.

Where are now those forms of love and gladness,
Which to lightness once thy wild notes gave?
One lives only in my dreams of madness,
One is slumbering in the silent grave!

Let me weep;—like balmy dews from heaven
Falling on the parched and arid plain,
Are these gushing tears in mercy given,
To refresh my burning, maddened brain.

Here, beside the grave where love reposes,
Here, where fancy weaves her spell in vain,
Let me weep;—life's withered, scentless roses,
Moistened by these tear-drops, bloom again.

Bloom again in beauty—but to perish;
Short-lived beings of a summer's day,
Like those hopes my fond heart loved to cherish,
Gilded dreams of bliss!—and where are they?

Some were blighted in life's early morning,
Some have drooped, and died in slow decay;
All are gone—now, welcome be the dawning
Of a brighter, an eternal day! MARCIAN.

For the American Athenæum.

EVENING.

EVENING I love; it is the hour
When memory sheds her softest power;
When she will tell of days gone by—
Days as serene as yon blue sky;
When many a star of peace and joy
Shone on the happy, thoughtless boy;
When, sportive as the uncashed hind,
My hours flew swifter than the wind:
And as sweet memory's influence steals
In soothing strains, she half conceals
The robe which time hath now flung o'er
The heart on which joy shines no more.
Oh, 'tis the holiday of soul,
To see yon meek-eyed planet roll!
The captive who has known the cell
For years, as his notch'd chain can tell—
The prisoner bird, who left its mate
All lonely, sad, and desolate—
The exile, who hath wandered long
From his dear native land, his theme of song,
Longs not so much for liberty,
As I, sweet Evening, long for thee;
For when thy skies are bright and blue,
And shining myriads meet my view,
A plaintive joy to this lone heart,
Thou canst, dear friend, with ease impart.
E'en when thy stars, with darkness clouded,
In cheerless, dreary gloom are shrouded,
I love to gaze, with mem'ry's tearful eye,
At those bright haleyon, fairy hours,
When grief lay veil'd in pleasure's flowers,
And many a star of peace and joy
Shone on the happy, thoughtless boy. I. B. F.

For the American Athenæum.

TO CAROLINE.

Though thousand gems of dazzling ray
Will glow and sparkle through the day,
The diamond only has the power
To shine in midnight's darkest hour.
So hearts that bask in beauty's smile,
With borrowed ray may glow awhile;
But mine, dear girl, is warm and bright,
Though ABSENCE shroud the gem in night.
Yes, absence is affection's test,
I feel the truth within my breast;
For every hour, and every mile
That bars me from thy cheering smile,
Imparts new ardour to the flame
That warms and animates my frame;
But ere it too intensely burn,
I will, my love, return!—return!

For the American Athenæum.

THE BOAT RACE.

"I saw them beat the surges under them,
"And ride upon their backs."

LAST Friday, the day appointed for this manly trial, was hailed by all lovers of good sport as a great era in the annals of aquatic achievements.

The surface of our beautiful bay appeared to have been soothed into silence; hundreds of barges, filled with people of all classes, spangled its broad expanse, and contributed to enliven the scene.

In describing scenes like this, preliminaries are always tedious, and I shall therefore place myself at Castle Garden. It was so crowded that there was scarcely room to move; even on the top of the Telegraph was perched one of Neptune's hardy sons, that he might the better enjoy the sport so congenial to his feelings.

Having squeezed myself between two gentlemen, who were probably Gothamite aldermen, I succeeded in arranging myself so as to have an uninterrupted prospect. Watches were drawn from the fobs of those who were so lucky as to have

them, and one of the fat aldermen gave us the pleasing news that it was "ten minutes past ten." "Bravo! they're off," shouted Bowline, from his elevated situation, and all eyes were instantly turned, in anxious gaze, on the river. Like two silver specks gleaming on the blue water, and twinkling like stars of night's best creation, the boats were seen in the distance dashing along: a few minutes more brought them within observation; the regularity of the strokes—the swift approach, as if some fairy being, in her gilded shell, glided over the sparkling lake, called forth applause, and excited admiration. The boats approach the goal—now is the anxious moment—the oarsmen strain every nerve—scarce a sound is heard, save some inquirer asking the question "Which is a-head?"—the Whitehall boat shoots past the stake—peal after peal, and shout after shout bursts from the joyous multitude:—the air rings with acclamations fresh from the heart, not rung to please the ear of despotism.

Then Neptune, proud god of the waters, arose, and embracing his victorious sons, bestowed on them the sovereignty of the oar. Beautiful Nereids came floating around, crowning them with coral and purest amber. Gentle Zephyrs glided over the waters, and the perfume of their breath was sweeter than morning dew-drops. "Happy, thrice happy oarsmen! may ye never forfeit the reputation you have this day acquired." The god then bade farewell, and striking his trident into the dolphins of his chariot, closed the scene.

JEFF.

NEW-YORK.

THE Editor of the New England Galaxy lately visited our city: we subjoin the following account of it and the Theatre for the amusement of our readers. Mr. Buckingham indulges in a little uncalled-for humour on the subject of hogs, which we exclude from our columns, because the late regulation of the Corporation have banished so great a nuisance from the streets, and consequently made all animadversions on the subject unnecessary.

OUR POCKET-BOOK.

Specimens of an Editor's letters to himself.

What shall we say of New-York, the grand commercial emporium of the Western World? compared with which, our far-famed "Literary Emporium" is a dull country village—a mere apology for a city. If one wants to see the bustle of business, let him take a walk in South-street, N. York—there

Whate'er on sea, on lake, or river floats,
Ships, barges, rafts, skiffs, tubs, flat-bottomed
boats—
Smiths, sailors, carpenters, in busy crowds,
Mast, cable, yard, sail, bowsprit, anchors, shrouds,
Knives, gigs, harpoons, swords, handspikes, cut-
lass-blades,
Guns, pistols, swivels, cannons caronades;
All rise to view—all bend in gorgeous show;
Tritons and tridents, turpentine, tar, tow.
I take upon myself to affirm, notwith-

standing the sneers of all the Philadelphia editors, that the activity and enterprise of New-York is not exceeded even by the multitudinous hubbub and bustle in the city of brotherly love.

* * * *

The Park Theatre must no longer remain unhonoured with a notice. There is no other theatre in America where so much novelty is served up for the gratification of the public. The manager, Mr. Price, makes nothing of an annual voyage to England to procure actors and actresses. Melo-dramatic exhibitions are got up at this theatre with surprising promptitude, and oftentimes with great splendour, and with an expenditure of money that would make our Boston treasury bankrupt. But Mr. P. is sure of a remuneration for the most expensive spectacle, in the liberality of a New-York audience. "Der Freischütz," and "Cherry and Fair Star," have been the most attractive exhibitions of the past season.—The first is, as its name indicates, a German fable. The dialogue is mere milk-and-water, but the music is said to be superior in character and effect. I must confess, however, that to my uncultivated ears, there was nothing remarkably fascinating, except in the accompaniments of the Incantation Scene. The piece is intolerably long and tiresome. Two or three songs by Keene occupied something like 15 minutes each, and one by Miss Kelly filled up twice that space. It was listened to with most profound silence by the people in the pit, and by Mr. Noah, in the stage-box—a place in which it is said he always may be seen whenever this lady "plays, sings, dances, or fences."

* * * *

Cherry and Fair Star is believed to be altogether the most splendid spectacle that has been got up on the American stage, and, by those who like the kind of entertainment, it is worthy of all the applause it has received.

Cooper has performed his favourite characters repeatedly during the present season, and with great success.

Hilson stands at the head of the comic department, and is an actor of sterling merit. He has grown fat since his last appearance in Boston, and perhaps a little lazy. It is said he is about to leave his state of single blessedness, and go on a matrimonial voyage with an actress of considerable talent and great personal worth.

Richings has improved wonderfully.—Mr. Placide, apparently a very young man, has talent that promises usefulness to managers, and pleasure to the public.

The Cincinnati Emporium states, that at the woollen manufactory in that city, there is a model of a machine for excavating the earth for the formation of canals, invented by Mr. French. It excavates, and places the earth on the side of the canal, in any given distance from its base.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM.

THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1825.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Q. Z." will be attended to next week. Our columns are ever open to scientific investigation; and although our correspondent's opinions are in direct opposition to those heretofore expressed in this publication, yet we shall cordially give place to his communication.

We hope to hear again from "Marcian."

"Alfred" had better sigh "to his mistress' eyebrows." We pity him, and hope ere long that he will find his heart.

NEWS OF LITERATURE.

Westminster Review.—A critical notice in the last United States' Literary Gazette speaks of the Westminster Review, a Journal we have always regarded as superior in all respects to its competitors, in a manner which leads to the conclusion that the Editor has not formed an impartial estimate of this publication. "This Review," says the Editor of the Literary Gazette, "is conducted with less talent than either the Edinburgh or Quarterly. The present number contains an article on the works of Dallas and Medwin, respecting Lord Byron. From some internal evidence, we suspect it to be the work of Mr. Hobhouse." We do not know who the Editor of the Westminster is, but we are free to assert, that in point of talent it is fully *equal* to its cotemporaries, and for freedom of language, and plain sensible reasoning, it is eminently *superior*. The Westminster Review has contributed more, by its talent and ability, to enlighten the great body of the English people, than either the Edinburgh or Quarterly—and it is entitled to the favourable consideration of Americans, from the uniform fairness and truth which always characterise its notices of the institutions, government, and people of this country.

Messrs. Wilder and Campbell have just published a very interesting *Pocket Guide*, with maps and plates, for a tour to Saratoga, Niagara, &c.—one of the views, "Lake George," is a delightful specimen of native art.

Among the new works announced in the London papers, we observe "John Bull in America," to be published by Mr. John Miller, Brydges-street.

The London Literary Gazette, speaking of Mr. Cooper's novel of *Lionel Lincoln*, says—

"From these extracts it may be gathered, that though very unequal to the model on which it is fashioned, there is yet sufficient merit in this novel to render it interesting to the class of readers who seek amusement in such productions. It certainly violates all probability too far to excite sympathy; but some of its descriptions are spirited, and it will serve to wile away a tedious hour as well as many of its cotemporaries."

The late English papers state that the London booksellers have engaged over 5,000 copies of "The Crusaders," the

forth-coming novel, by the author of Waverly. It is divided into two Tales, as we stated in our last: the scene of the first is in Wales, and the latter in the Holy Land. Speculation respecting the author of these works is not yet silent, and the literary world appears to be as much in the dark on the subject as ever.

The Miscellaneous Works, in prose, of Sir Walter Scott, in 6 vols. 8 vo. are announced in a late English Magazine as in the press, and to be shortly published.

MARRIED,

At Newark, N. J. on the 23d inst. by the Rev. H. P. Powers, the Rev. Thomas Brentnall, Rector of Zion Church, in this city, to Miss Sophia Augusta, only daughter of Geo. Nelson, Esq. of the former place.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.

May 19.—Cherry and Fair Star, Actress of all Work, and the Cataract—for the benefit of Mr. Simpson.—It must have been gratifying to Mr. Simpson's feelings (aside from the pecuniary advantage resulting from it) to witness at his benefit the assemblage of the most numerous audience that has attended the theatre this season. The house was crowded in every part; independent of contributing to reward the exertions of the meritorious performer, and indefatigable manager, we were led to attend this evening to witness Miss Kelly's exertions in portraying six characters in the Actress of All Work. We understand that Miss K. is sister-in-law to Mr. Matthews, and we must say that there appears to be a consanguinity of talent between them, if there is not relationship; she no less merits the appellation of *actress* of all work, than he does that of *actor* of all work. Should we cite any particular part in which Miss K. excelled, it would be in the characters of Bridget, a country gawky, and Josephine, an opera singer. She failed in no instance, and the applause she received she truly deserved.

May 21.—As You Like It, and Cataract.—Miss Kelly acted Rosalind very prettily; few surpass her in characters that require humour and vivacity. In the Cuckoo song she was encored, and we are not fastidious enough to condemn an audience for admiring this somewhat luscious song, when it is so admirably executed. Mr. Lee played Orlando respectfully; in the appeal to the Duke in behalf of his famished servant, there was a true delineation of passionate feeling. Clarke's Jacques was in his usual style of excellence. Hilsom was very happy in Touchstone; in his colloquies with Audrey, which Mrs. Wheatley made very amusing, if he did not absolutely utter two words at once, he came very near it.

CHATHAM THEATRE.

May 19.—IRISH TUTOR, YOUNG HUSSAR, and SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.—We have been seldom more pleased than we were during the representation of the Young Hussar this evening. Mr. Burroughs, in the character of Florian, betrayed the feelings of a lover, deserter, and soldier. He was successful throughout the piece, but we particularly admired him in the last scene, when he rushed from his place of concealment to rescue the family of Larole from the peril they had incurred on his account. The part of Carline could not have been better played than it was by Mrs. Waring; in the last scene she showed much adroitness in disposing of the cloth so that it might effectually conceal her lover from the military. Mr. Blake supported the character of Boncœur creditably: the character is one of a trying nature; to surrender the object of his love to a rival, and to protect that rival from the violated laws, called forth every feeling of nature and humanity. The duett, "Give me the key," by Messdames Waring and Fisher, was admirably performed.

May 20.—The Inconstant, The Boat Race, and The Purse.—We noticed in our last the Incon-

stant, and we have but one remark to offer upon its representation this evening, and we wish the subject of it may be benefitted by our well-meant observation. Mr. Herbert would do more justice to the part of Old Mirabel, if he refrained from the vile and vulgar habit of *sweearing*; there is no *wit* in the use of this abominable practice, and it betrays a paucity of talent in the person having recourse to it, gratuitously; and want of sense, if not of common decency, in those who applaud the senseless introduction of it.

May 21.—Weathercock, and Tom and Jerry.

May 23.—The Mountaineers, and Falls of the Clyde.

May 24.—Sweethearts and Wives, and The Honest Thieves.

ALBANY THEATRE.

The elegant theatre at Albany was opened on Wednesday, 18th inst. under the management of Mr. Gilfert. On the opening of the house, Mr. Barrett delivered the following

PRIZE ADDRESS.

Written by Thomas Wells, Esq. of Boston.

When Superstition captive Reason led,
And Taste proscribed, her bowery dwellings fled;
Their sacred haunts exiled, the Aonian maids
On hurried wing forsook the peaceful shades:
The crumbling column, and the tottering fane,
A round of desolation marked the reign.
In towering pride where stood the classic dome,
The boast of Art, and once the Muses' home?
Midst mouldering ruins wheeled the drowsy bat,
And cloistered there the bird of darkness sat—
The infatuate mind the mystic sceptre swayed,
Man groped in darkness, and the spell obeyed;
Thus wrapped in gloom expired the Attic light,
And Priester ruled sole monarch of the night.—
At length, triumphant o'er his bigot foes,
Genius, on bold adventurous plumes, arose;
Athwart the sunless void new warmth he poured,
Pierced the dense clouds, and heaven's blest
beams restored.—

So from the East, on purple pinions borne
Through flakes of fog, up springs the herald morn;
Lost in the emerging glories of the day,
The dull, cold mists of midnight melt away.
The harmonious choir, now gave to Joy the shell;
Now rose their Temples where their Altars fell;
From shore to shore the voice of Freedom spoke,
And buried Learning from her slumbers woke;
Reason unfettered, Truth divine unsealed,
And old Imposture to the world revealed;
Conceived in Beauty, by the Graces nursed,
The germs of Fancy into being burst;
Toil tilled the glebe—the Axe the forest bowed
Art winged the shuttle—Skill the ocean ploughed—
Life breathed in marble, warm the canvass glowed,
And gifted lips with inspiration flowed:
Led by Ambition, and by Worth revered,
The Drama then in lettered grace appeared;
From hidden stores her golden lore she brought,
And morals mended, as she manners taught;
Through every page of varied life she ran,
Her volume nature, and her study man;

Where'er she moved the Muse the land refined,
And Taste adorned, as Science nerved the mind;
On every side, to birth, new beauty sprung,—
The laurels flourished, and the minstrels sung;
As Knowledge guided—Bards inspired the age,
And pictured Wisdom lessoned from the Stage;
Truth fearless spoke, in scenic garb arrayed,
And rescued Virtue owned the Drama's aid.

And now, auspicious Dome, aspiring Pile,
The Artist's pride—be thine the People's smile,
The muse of Genius, and of Taste the seat—
We hail thy birth, thy dawn of promise greet.—
Priest of thy right—Apollo claims thy shrine,—
To him devoted—hence live thou and thine!

Patrons! who here the unbiassed Censors sit,
Sole arbitrators in the court of Wit;
Whose sentence stamps the Buskin and the Play,
Whose laws alike the Song and Scene obey;
To your indulgence now we make appeal,
Or you dependent rests our future weal—
And here, by your impartial voices tried,
We rise or fall, as you alone decide.—
In you confiding—hence we rest our cause,
To us your smiles extend—our meed is your applause.